

Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

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TERMS.

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All letters and communications to insure attention must be post paid. A. J. RILEY.

We love good poetry; that which describes events and transactions naturally, and speaks to the heart, we call *par excellence*. The following poem from the pen of Louisville's young poetess, to our mind, ranks with the productions of those who have gained an imperishable fame for poetry containing less heart-touching, truths, less naturalness, less beauty.

From Graham's Magazine for March.

THE DESERTED.

BY MISS MATTIE GRIMM.

Why didst thou leave me thus? Had memory No claim to bind thee to me, lone and wrecked In spirit as I am? Was there no spell Of power in my deep, yearning love to stir The sleeping fountain of thy soul and keep My image trembling there? Is there no charm In strong and high devotion such as mine To win thee to my side once more? Must I Be cast forever off for brighter forms And gayer smiles? Alas! I love thee still.

Twice I linger there for ever, the hour Of passion's unforgetting trust, I hush The raging tumult of my soul, and still The fierce strife in my lonely breast, where pride Is fiercely struggling for control. Each hue Of purple, gold and crimson that flits o'er, The western sky recalls some by-gone joy That we have shared together, and my soul Is love's and memory's.

As here I sit In loneliness, the thought comes o'er my heart How side by side in moonlight eves, while soft The rose-winged hours were flitting by, we stood Beside the clear and gentle-murmuring fount O'erhung with wild and blooming vines, and felt The spirit of a holy love bedew Our hearts' own budding blossoms. There I drank The wild, o'er-mastering tide of eloquence That flowed from thy o'erwrought and burning soul.

There then didst twine a wreath of sweetest flowers To shine amid my dark brown locks, and now Beside me lies a bud, the little bud That gavest me in the glad, bright summer time, Telling me 'twas the emblem of a hope That soon would burst to glorious life within Our spirit's garden. The poor fragile bud Is now all pale and withered, and the hope Is faded from my lonely breast, and cast Forever forth from thence.

They tell me, too My brow and cheek are very pale—Alas! There is no more a spirit-fire within To light it with the olden glow. Life's dreams And visions all have died within my soul, And I am sad and lone and desolate; And yet at times, when I behold thee near, A something like the dear old feeling stirs Within my breast, and wakens from the tomb Of withered memories one pale rose, To bloom a moment there, and cast around Its sweet and gentle fragrance, but anon It fades away, as if it were A mockery, the spectre of a flower; I quell my struggling sighs and wear a smile; But, ah! that smile more eloquent than sighs Tells of a broken heart.

'Tis said that thou Dost ever shine the gayest mid the gay, That loudest rings thy laugh in festive halls, That in the dances, with lips all wreathed in smiles,

Thou whisperest love's delicate flatteries; And if my name is spoken, a light gleam Is all thy comment. Yet, proud man, I know Beneath thy hollow mask of recklessness Thy conscious heart still beats as true to me As in the happy eves long past. Ah! once, In night's still hour, when I went forth to weep Beneath our favorite tree, whose giant arms Seemed stretched out to protect the lonely girl, I marked a figure stealing thence away, And my poor heart beat quick; for, oh! I saw, Despite the closely-muffled cloak, 'twas thou, Then, then I knew that thou in secrecy Had'st sought the spot, like me, to muse and weep.

Our bright memories, Thou art, like me, In heart a mourner. In thy solitude, When mortal eyes behold thee not, wild sighs Consume thy bosom, and thy hot tears fall Like burning rain. Oh! 'twas thy hand that dealt The blow to both our hearts. I well could bear My own heart's sufferings, but thus to feel That thou, in all thy manhood's glorious strength Dost bear a deep and voiceless agony, Lies on thy spirit with the dull, cold weight Of death. I see them in my tortured dreams, And even with a smile upon thy lip, But a keen arrow quivering deep within Thy throbbing, bleeding heart. Go, thou may'st weep.

Another; but beside the altar dark My mournful form will stand, and when thou seest The wreath of orange blossoms on her brow, Oh! it will seem a fiery scorpion coiled Wildly around thine own.

I'm dying now; Life's sands are falling fast; the silver cord Is loosed and broken, and the golden bowl Is shattered at the fount. My sun has set, And dismal clouds hang o'er me, but afar I see the glorious realm of Paradise, And by its cooling fountains, and beneath Its holy shades of palm, my soul will wash Away its earthly stains, and learn to dream Of heavenly joys. Farewell despite thy cold Desertion, I will leave my angel home, Each gentle eve, at our own hour of trust, To hold my rights o'er thy pilgrimage, And with my spirit's plume I will fan Thy aching brow, and by a holy spell, That I may learn in Heaven, will charm away All evil thoughts and passions from thy breast, And calm the raging tumult of thy soul.

The Japan Expedition.

Our government says the New York Herald, has organized a formidable naval expedition to Japan. Three first class steamers, three sloops, and one brig of war, with a store ship, are to constitute the warlike squadron of Commodore Perry, in this singular, curious, if not illegal enterprise. The fact that such an expedition was projected, was first announced some time ago. The provocations and object of this warlike movement have since been semi-officially communicated to the world.

Japan is a populous, independent oriental semi-barbarous nation, made up of an immense cluster of volcanic islands, flanking the coast of China. The entire population of the empire is estimated at from forty to fifty millions. Judged, the capital, in the island Nippon, is said to be one of the most magnificent and populous cities of the globe. The products of the island are varied and extensive, and the people are skilled in a variety of useful manufactures. The empire offers an inviting market to the commerce of Europe and the United States; but it remains to this day a sealed book to all "outside barbarians," except the Dutch, who, by treaty stipulations, enjoy certain exclusive, but limited, privileges of trade. The Chinese, a branch of the same race as the Japanese, not being classified among the "outsiders," have a more enlarged privilege of traffic; but, substantially, the empire is locked up against the ships of all civilized nations. The flags of England and the United States are especially under the most rigorous exclusion; and shipwrecked English or American sailors among the Japanese islands, are subjected to tortures, compared with which the sufferings of Captain Riley, on the coast of Africa, are but the details of a holiday excursion among the natives. Within the last two years, the sailors of one or several American vessels have suffered from the treachery and barbarity of the Japanese. But while some died from their cruel treatment, others escaped to tell the story. Subsequently, if we are not mistaken, an American vessel of war, the sloop Porpoise, entered the sacred waters of Jeddo, anchored off the city, and demanded the surrender of certain American sailors, still supposed to be in the custody of the local authorities. After considerable chaffering and a threat of bombardment, one or two men, we believe, were recovered; but such was the jealousy of the authorities, that neither the officers nor any of the crew were permitted to land; and it was only by threats of opening on the town, that water and provisions were supplied to the vessel by the natives themselves.

Those unsatisfied outrages upon American seamen are set down as the *casus belli* for this expedition. The object of the squadron is openly declared to be war—the invasion of Jeddo, *volens volens*, and the exploration of the islands, with a view to their commercial advantages.

The entire enterprise may, therefore, be fairly pronounced a sort of experimental *filibuster* exploring expedition, on a scale equivalent to an actual declaration of war. The success of the English invasion of China, upon the opium question, may have suggested the practicability of this Japanese experiment. The most lawless, and even the most atrocious, outrages upon inoffensive nations, have very often resulted to the positive benefit of the injured people themselves, and the world at large. The history of mankind is full of such examples. The wars of the Romans, the Crusades of the dark ages, the numerous *filibustering* expeditions of Great Britain, of Spain, and of France, to say nothing of the re-annexation of Texas—the most magnificent stroke of sound policy of modern times, although not exactly according to the *lex scripta*, or the diplomatic code, in all respects—one and all, may be justified by their practical results. The written law has been, is, and must be, subservient to policy, which is the supreme law of nations.

Upon this broad fundamental doctrine, the United States naval expedition sets out for the invasion of Japan. "It is designed to effect a landing at Jeddo, the capital of the empire, at all hazards." And Commodore Perry is to "leave no efforts untried to open commercial intercourse with that long-sealed people." The objects of the expedition go beyond the point of redress for outrages upon American seamen. The Japanese are to be compelled to trade with the "outside barbarians" of the United States, and their country is to be explored by force of arms.

This is a curious, singular, and remarkable project for the pacific administration of Mr. Fillmore. It stands out in direct contrast with the doctrine of non-intervention, face to face

It is intervention the most palpable. The only shade of difference between it and the late foray of Lopez upon Cuba, is, that the one is a public and the other a private affair. The object of both was the same—to open to a benighted people the benefits of more intimate, social, political and commercial relations with the civilized world. And we expect good results from this expedition. It is doubtless strong enough to break down the barriers which have so long sealed up the Japanese from the rest of mankind. And it is high time that their celestial notions of exclusion, and contempt of "outside barbarians," were reformed by the wholesome arguments of forty-two pounders. The nations of the world are a family, and neither the Chinese nor the Japanese can longer be permitted to refuse to trade with their outside neighbors. They must come to their mill, or take the consequences. The traffic, with an empire of fifty millions of industrious people is a matter that admits of no trifling. The good effects of the opium war in China justify the highest expectations of this exploring and experimental expedition of Mr. Fillmore and his Cabinet. They have, *bona fide*, certain provocations to redress. Good. And they have concluded to make clean work of it by entering Japan, by exploring the island, and by opening them to the benefit of the cotton trade and Christianity—to all of which we say, Amen!

There appears to us, however, to be one little difficulty in the way. This expedition is tantamount to a declaration of war. It involves the necessity of war. It goes to make war. Congress, as we understand it, is the war making power; and we are not aware that Congress has ever been informed of the intentions of the administration in this business. And when we recollect the outcry raised by Mr. Webster, Mr. Corwin, and the universal whig party, against the unconstitutionality of the Mexican war, as opened by Mr. Polk, this Japanese squadron does certainly look very curious. But it is still more remarkable that the cabinet should go to the antipodes for a little war capital, when it might be had, of a more substantial quality, with John Bull and his lawless agents in Nicaragua and Central America. Mr. James Green, H. B. M. Consul at San Juan, still collecting his tolls there as the agent of the Mosquito King, under British protection, and in open contempt of the Clayton and Bulwer treaty. Here we have had outrages and insults sufficient for the active employment of the home squadron, while it has remained idle; and here, in the expulsion of intermeddling British emissaries from Central America, has been offered the most inviting field for popularity, while Mr. Webster and his associates have timidly, negotiated into paltry explanations, meaning anything or nothing. And yet, to pick up a little military glory, they fit up an expedition for Japan, of the results of which there is no probability of hearing anything till after the Presidential election—so that, if the empire of Japan is explored, subjugated and annexed to the Union, it will all be annihilation wasted. The election will be over before we can hear the news.

Yet we go for the expedition, and have faith that it will turn out successful, advantageous and satisfactory. The navy wants employment—between idleness and active service it costs but little additional expense. If the lives and property of our sailors shall be hereafter secured among the Japanese, it will pay; but if Commodore Perry shall also succeed in a scientific exploration of these islands, and in a treaty of social and commercial reciprocity with his serene Highness the Emperor, even if it shall require the bombardment of his capital and the destruction of all the war junks he can muster, then our gallant Commodore will deserve a gold medal of the largest size. The prestige of our arms on the land and on the sea, will be illustrated in the uttermost parts of the earth—the area of our commerce will be extended, and the insulated pagan of Japan will be taught a lesson which will rebound to the glory of civilization and the spread of a little benighted Christianity. Nothing like steamships and long forty-two's for a commercial treaty or the conversion of the heathen.

Prince Lucien Murat.

There are very many in our country who remember Prince Lucien Murat, the sporting, good-natured soul, who formerly dwelt at one corner of the late Joseph Bonaparte's estate, at Bordentown New Jersey, living no one hardly knew how—wild and reckless—to-day dash with money, to-morrow not a shot in the locker.

Well, the same jovial Prince has given a practical illustration of the truthfulness of Shakespeare's saying, that "there's a tide in the affairs of men, which if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." The election of Louis Napoleon was the flood tide with him—for he and his family are now at the head of the heap in France, rich, courted, living in grand, royal, superb style.

He has risen from his obscurity at Bordentown—where he so often enjoyed his punch and wine with boon companions, or strolled the wood-cock along the low banks of the Delaware—and been summoned to the height of whatever fame the French President has to lend him. He wears the velvet uniform of a Senator—his finances are said to flourish—and his offspring are greeted with every promise of having a position and making a noise in the world, as the following

notice taken from a Parisian paper will show: "The baptism of the infant of Prince and Princess Murat took place at the Elysee. The infant was held at the baptismal font by the Prince President and the Princess Mathilde." Success to our friend the Prince. May he live long to enjoy his new-born wealth and honors.—*Mc Holley Mirror.*

Thrilling Incident of Ocean Life.

Our noble ship lay at anchor in the Bay of Tangier, a fortified town in the extreme northwest of Africa. The day had been extremely mild, with a gentle breeze sweeping to the northward and westward, but along toward the close of the afternoon, the sea breeze died away, and one of those sultry, even-like atmospheric breathings, came from the great sun-burnt Sahara. Half an hour before sundown, the captain gave the cheering order to the boatswain to call the hands to go in swimming, and in less than five minutes, the forms of our tars were seen leaping from the arms of the lower yards.

One of the studding sails had been lowered into the water, with its corners suspended from the main yard arm and the swinging boom, and into these the swimmers made their way. Among those who seemed to be enjoying the sport most heartily, were two boys—Tim Wallace and Fred Fairbanks—the latter of whom, was the son of our old gunner and, in a laughing mood, they started out from a studding sail on a race.

There was a loud ringing shout of joy on their lips as they put off, and they darted thro' the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was as smooth as glass, though its bosom rose in long heavy swells that set in from the Atlantic.

The vessel was moored with a long sweep from both cables, and the buoy of the starboard quarter, where it rose and fell with the lacy swells like a drunken man.

Towards this buoy the two lads made their way, Fred Fairbanks taking the lead, but when they were in about twenty or thirty fathoms of the buoy, Tim shot ahead and promised to win the race. The old gunner watched the progress of his son with a vast degree of pride, and as he saw him drop behind, he leaped upon the poop, and was just upon the point of urging him on by a shout, when a cry reached his ear that made him start as if he had been struck by a cannon ball.

A shark! a shark! came from the captain of the fore-castle, and at the sound of these terrible words the men who were in the water leaped and plunged towards the ship.

Right ahead, at a distance of three or four cables length, a sharp wake was seen in the water, where the back of the monster was visible. His course was for the boys.

For moment the gunner stood like one bereft of sense, but on the next he shouted at the top of his voice for the boys to turn, but the little fellows heard him not—stoutly the swimmers strove for the goal, all unconscious of the bloody death spirit that hovered so near them. Their merry laugh still rang over the water, and at length they both touched the buoys together.

Oh, what drops of agony started from the brow of our gunner. A boat had put off, but Fairbanks knew that it could not reach the boys in season, and every moment he expected to see the monster sink from sight, then he knew that all hope would be gone. At this moment a cry reached the ship that went through every heart like a stream of fire—the boys had discovered their enemy.

That cry started old Fairbanks to his senses, and quicker than thought he sprang to the quarter-deck. The guns were all loaded and shot for and aft, and none knew their temper better than he. With steady hand made strong by a sudden hope, the old gunner seized a priming wire, and primed the cartridge of one of the quarter guns; he took from his pocket a percussion water and set in its place, and set back the hammer of the patent lock. With a giant strength the old man swayed the breech of the heavy gun to its bearing and then seizing the string of the lock, he stood back and watched for the next swell that would bring the shark in range. He had aimed the piece some distance ahead of his mark, but yet a little moment would settle his hopes and fears.

Every breath was hushed, and every heart in that old ship beat painfully. The boat was yet some distance from the boys, while the horrid sea monster was fearfully near. Suddenly the air awoke by the roar of the heavy gun, and as the old man knew his shot was gone, he sank back upon the combing of the hatch and covered his face with his hands, as if afraid to see the result of his own efforts, for if he had failed he knew that his boy was lost.

For a moment after the report of the gun had died away upon the air, there was a dead silence but as the dense smoke arose from the surface of the water, there was, at first, a low murmur breaking from the lips of the men—that murmur grew louder and stronger, until it swelled to a joyous, deafening shout. The old gunner sprang to his feet and gazed off on the water, and the first thing that met his view was the huge carcass of the shark floating with his white belly up, a mangled, lifeless mass. In a few moments the boat reached the daring

swimmers, and half dead with fright they were brought on board. The old man clasped his boy in his arms, and then, overcome by the powerful excitement, he leaned upon the gun for support.

I have seen men in all phases of excitement and suspense; but never have I seen three human beings more overcome by thrilling emotions than that on starting moment, when they first knew the effect of our gunner's shot.

HITTING BACK.—A friend of ours tells a good story, to the circumstances of which he was a witness. Happening in at a celebrated gunsmith's of this city, a short time since, he found present a number of persons, some of whom were exhibiting their presumed familiarity with the use of the gun by the severity of their jokes upon the bad shooting of one of the number, a tall, thin Yankee, in whose company they had evidently been a day or two previously enjoying the sport of shooting. The Yankee stood the jokes of his companions very well, by explanation and retort, until, at length, the gunsmith joined in with the others, with some remark at his expense. This seemed for a time to finish him off, and he had no more to say, until a gentleman entered the place and inquired of the gunsmith if he kept powder for sale?

Gunsmith.—Yes, Sir; how much do you want?

Stranger.—Is it good—of the best quality?

Gunsmith.—Certainly, Sir; I keep none but the very best. How much will—

Yankee.—[Breaking in and addressing himself to the customer with emphasis.]—"Yes, Sir! it must be the very best powder, I saw him weighin' some on it out jest now, and droppin' his cigar into it, he set it afire! and I vew the whole hatch was nearly half burnt up afore we could git it out!"

The customer left, the Yankee sloped, the company dispersed, the gunsmith was vexed, and our friend laughed.—*Public Ledger.*

The British Premier on Invasion.

In the course of the recent speech by Earl Derby, he said:—

I should be inclined to say it is a duty incumbent upon her Majesty's government not to neglect those preparations which, in my judgment, our predecessors wisely adopted for placing this country in a position, by the internal organization of its domestic force, to be free from all possibility of foreign invasion. (Hear, hear.) My lords, I believe, and I give due credit for it to the noble lords opposite—I believe our naval force was never in a more effective position than at present. (Hear, hear.) I believe that for all purposes for which its services should be required—whether to guard our shores from invasion or our distant possessions from violence, or to protect that almost boundless extent of commerce that crosses every sea and fills every port through the wild world—the state of our navy was never more efficient than it is at the moment I have the honor to address you. (Cheers.)

The regular army I believe also to be in a state of perfect efficiency, so far as its numbers are concerned—for, with the extent and variety of its duty it has to perform, there is no army on which, in times, even of peace, so heavy a load of military service devolves. (Hear, hear.) But efficient as the army is—well as those who constitute it are qualified to discharge the duties of their profession if called upon in the service of their country—that army, and I am happy at being able to say so, is numerically in a condition which renders it impossible that it can afford the slightest ground for jealousy to any foreign power. (Hear, hear.)

The Nephew and his Uncle.

The St. Louis Times, considers that whatever be the faults of Louis Napoleon, those persons are frightened who believe that his only ability consists in striving to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, and says this view of the case hardly does the dictator justice.

The recent coup d'etat at Paris, says that paper, was certainly a far bolder movement than that of the 9th of November, '99, when General Bonaparte enacted the part of Cromwell, and drove a hostile Legislature, the Assembly of Five Hundred, at the bayonet's point from the council chamber of St. Cloud; and it required far greater ability to carry it to a successful issue. If this act of '51 was suggested by that of '99, the former, it will be admitted, far exceeds the latter in its extent, and may equal it in results. Thus, also, if the constitution recently put forth by the nephew is a close imitation of that of the year VIII. of the French Republic, put forth by the uncle, the former certainly claims for its author far greater powers than did the latter. The nephew claims command of the army and navy—the power to declare war—to make peace—to create treaties—to appoint to all offices—to pardon offenders, and to decree martial law—not one of which absolute prerogative was assumed by the uncle, except in an exceedingly modified form. It will hardly do, therefore, whatever our estimate of the comparative abilities of the uncle and nephew, to say that the latter is but the servile imitator of the former, and that his only claim to consideration is the fact of the assumed relationship.

Famine in Germany.

The accounts from Vienna describe the sufferings from famine to be excessive in various parts of Germany. Troubles and bad government seem to have deprived humble men of all heart or energy. They have left their fields uncultivated for miles lest the rude hands of some hateful soldiery should seize or destroy the fruits of their labor. The consequence of this is something very like a famine in many parts of Europe. The accounts from Poland are most disheartening. In the Carpathians people are literally starving. There is no bread at all. The inhabitants are said to live on a soup of some kind, which they call "reitkamaks," a compound of fat and milk; or they cook a sort of thick oaten pap, something in appearance like the Italian polenta—this they call "kulasha," and eat it in the place of bread, and as in all times of great war, crime and dissipation of all kinds come to swell the list of horrors, it is not surprising to learn that something very like anarchy is raging in the district most affected by the famine.

Leap Year.

This is leap year! So, gentlemen, look out! The following is extracted from an old volume, printed in 1606, entitled, "Courtship, Love, and Matrimony."—"Albeit it is now become a part of the common law, in regard to foreign relations of life, that as often as every bissextile year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they do by either words or looks, as unto them it seemeth proper; and moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefits of clergy who doth refuse to accept the offers of a lady, or who doth in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

The Metropolitan Hotel.

This immense establishment, says the New York Courier, which is rapidly progressing to completion, is becoming quite a topic of conversation in the up-town circles of our city—Strangers who visit the city are startled at its magnificent proportions, and the elegant style of its exterior decorations. As we have had the privilege to examine the interior, and to gain much information both from observation and from the statements of the proprietors, we will detail the main points for our readers.

The cost of the decorations of the Dining Hall alone will be two thousand dollars. To give the reader an idea of the magnitude of the establishment, we may state that it is six stories high, and contains over five hundred rooms; that of these over one hundred are *suites* of rooms, (each suite embracing parlor, bed-room, dressing-room, &c.,) each room being supplied with gas, and hot and cold water. The building contains one mile of elegantly painted halls and passages, and more than five miles of pipes, to convey the gas, hot and cold water, and steam (to warm the building) to every part of the establishment.

The entire cost of the building, independent of the furniture, &c., will be about half a million of dollars—the plate-glass alone, for the windows costing \$35,000. The furniture, which is to be of the richest and most unique pattern, is estimated, will cost \$150,000. The silver ware has been ordered of Stebbins & Co., at the expense of \$14,000. Five hundred and fifty mirrors have been ordered at a cost of \$15,000—one hundred and twenty of which are imported from Belgium. Two of the largest of these are intended for each end of the great Dining Hall; and they cover within a fraction of one hundred square feet each—being the largest ever imported into the United States! Each of the Dining Hall windows is surmounted with ornamental capitions, within which is presented the Coat of Arms of every principal nation of the earth!

A Dream Realized.

Sometime during the past summer, a stranger stopped at one of the watering places on the mountain south of Waynesboro' Pa. After his arrival there he was taken sick, and for several days was apparently deranged. On his recovery he informed the proprietor of the house that during his illness he had dreamed for three nights in succession that he had discovered, at a certain distance in the mountains under a rock, an earthen crock, containing a large amount of silver. At this the worthy lord expressed his surprise, and spoke of it as a mysterious dream. Afterwards, however, they were walking together in that direction, when the dream was again adverted to by the stranger, and the proprietor at once proposed an examination, to satisfy their curiosity. The rock was soon found, and after carefully brushing the leaves away, it was moved, and to their utter amazement, there sat a crock full of silver. They took it out and conveyed it secretly to the house, and on examination it was found to contain \$400, (all in half dollars,) which was divided equally between them. The day after this discovery, the stranger was about to take his leave of the mountain, and complained to his friend, the proprietor of the springs, of the inconvenience of carrying silver, when an exchange was proposed and made, the stranger receiving bankable paper for his silver. It was not long after his departure, however, till the proprietor had made another discovery—his four hundred dollars in silver were counterfeits, and he had thus been ingeniously swindled out of two hundred dollars.

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